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Old English Drama

STUDENTS' FACSIMILE EDITION

Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay

By Greene [and Middleton]

Staged as "an old play" . . . 1591-2

Date of earliest known edition . . . 1594

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Isabelle Brown



THE
HONORABLE HISTORIE
of frier Bacon, and frier Bongay.

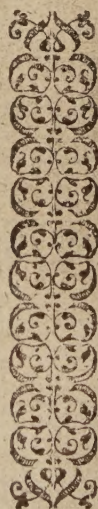
As it was plaid by her Maiesties seruants.

Made by *Robert Greene* Maister of Arts.



Robt Greene.

6/4



LONDON,

Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at
the little North dore of Poules, at the signe of
the Gun. 1594.



THE HONORABLE

Historie of Frier Bacon.

Enter, Edward the first malcontented with Lacy earle of Lincolne, Iohn Warren earle of Suffex, and Ermsbie gentleman: Raph Simnell the kings foole.

Lacie.

WH Y lookes my lord like to a troubled skie,
When heauens bright shine, is shadowed with a fogge:
Alate we ran the deere and through the Lawndes
Stript with our naggess the lustie frolicke bucks,
That scudded fore the reifers like the wind,
Nere was the Deere of merry Fresingfield,
So lustily puld down by iolly mates,
Nor sharde the Farmers such fat venison,
So franckly dealt this hundred yeares before:
Nor haue I seene my lord more frolicke in the chace,
And now change to a melancholie dumpe.

Warren. After the Prince got to the keepers lodge
And had been iocand in the house a while:
Tosing of ale and milke in countrie cannes,
Whether it was the countries sweete content:
Or els the bonny damsell fild vs drinke
That seemd so stately in her stammell red:
Or that a qualme did crosse his stomacke then,
But straight he fell into his passions.

Ermsbie. Sirra Raphe, what say you to your maister,

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Shall he thus all amont liue malecontent.

Raphe. Heereft thou Ned, nay looke if hee will speake to me.

Edward. What sayst thou to me foole?

Raphe. I prece thee tell me Ned, art thou in loue with the keepers daughter?

Edward. How if I be, what then?

Raphe. Why then sirha Ile teach thee how to deceiue loue.

Edward. How *Raphe.*

Raphe. Marrie sirha Ned, thou shalt put on my cap, and my coat, and my dagger, and I will put on thy clothes, and thy sword, and so thou shalt be my foole.

Edward. And what of this?

Raphe. Why so thou shalt beguile Loue, for Loue is such a proud scab, that he will neuer meddle with fooles nor children, Is not *Raphes* counsell good Ned.

Edward. Tell me Ned Lacie, didst thou marke the mayd,
How liuely in her country weedes she lookt :

A bonier wench all Suffolke cannot yeeld,

All Suffolke, nay all England holds none such.

Raphe. Sirha, Will Ermsby, Ned is deceiued.

Ermsby. Why *Raphe*?

Raphe. He saies all England hath no such, and I say, and Ile stand to it, there is one better in Warwickshire.

Warren. How proouest thou that *Raphe*?

Raphe. Why is not the Abbot a learned man, and hath red many bookes, and thinkest thou he hath not more learning than thou to choose a bonny wench, yes I warrant thee by his whole grammer.

Ermsby. A good reason *Raphe.*

Edward. I tell the Lacie, that hersparkling eyes,
Doe lighten forth sweet Loues alluring fire:
And in her tresses she doth fold the lookes
Of such as gaze vpon her golden haire,
Her bashfull white mixt with the mornings red,
Luna doth boast vpon her louely cheekes,

Her

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Her front is beauties table where she paints,
The glories of her gorgeous excellence :
Hertgeth are shelues of pretious *Margarites*,
Richly enclosed with ruddie curroll cleues,
Tush Lacie, she is beauties ouermatch,
If thou suruaist her curious imagerie.

Lacie. I grant my lord the damsell is as faire,
As simple Suffolks homely towns can yeeld :
But in the court be quainter dames than she,
Whose faces are enricht with honours taint,
Whose bewties stand vpon the stage of fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the courts of loue.

Edw. Ah Ned; but hadst thou watcht her as my self,
And seene the secret bewties of the maid,
Their courtly coineesse were but foolery.

Ermsbie. Why how watcht you her my lord ?

Edward. When as she swept like *Venus* through the house,
And in her shape fast foulded vp my thoughtes :
Into the Milkhouse went I with the maid,
And there amongst the cream-boles she did shine,
As Pallace, mongst her Princely huswiferie :
She turnd her smocke ouer her Lilly armes,
And diued them into milke to run her cheefe :
But whiter than the milke her christall skin,
Checked with lines of Azur made her blush,
That art or nature durst bring for compare,
Ermsbie if thou hadst seene as I did note it well,
How bewtie plaid the hufwife, how this girle
Like *Lucrece* laid her fingers to the worke,
Thou wouldest with *Tarquine* hazard Roome and all
To win the louely mayd of Frefingfield.

Raphe. Sir ha Ned, wouldest faine haue her?

Edward. I *Raphe*.

Raphe. Why Ned I haue laid the plot in my head thou
shalt haue her alreadie.

Edward. Ile giue thee a new coat and learne me that.

Raphe.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Raphe. Why sirra Ned weel ride to Oxford to Frier Bacon, oh he is a braue scholler sirra; they say he is a braue Nigromancer, that he can make women of deuils; and hee can iuggle cats into Costermongers.

Edward. And how then *Raphe?*

Raphe. Marry sirha thou shalt go to him, and because thy father *Harry* shall not misse thee, hee shall turne me into thee; and Ile to the Court, and Ile prince it out, and he shall make thee either a silken purse, full of gold, or else a fine wrought smocke.

Edward. But how shall I haue the mayd?

Raphe. Marry sirha, if thou beeest a silken purse full of gold, then on fundayes sheele hang thee by her side, and you must not say a word. Now sir when she comes into a great prease of people, for feare of the cut-purse on a sodaine sheele swap thee into her plackerd, then sirha being there you may plead for your selfe.

Ermsbie. Excellent pollicie.

Edward. But how if I be a wrought smocke.

Raphe. Then sheele put thee into her chest and lay thee into Lauender, and vpon some good day sheele put thee on, and at night when you go to bed, then being turnd from a smocke to a man, you may make vp the match.

Lacie. Wonderfully wisely counselled *Raphe.*

Edward. *Raphe* shall haue a new coate.

Raphe. God thanke you when I haue it on my backe Ned,

Edward. *Lacie* the foole hath laid a perfect plot,

For why our countrie *Margret* is so coy,

And standes so much vpon her honest pointes,

That marriage or no market with the mayd,

Ermsbie, it must be nigromaticke spels,

And charmes of art that must inchaîne her loue,

Or else shall *Edward* neuer win the girl,

Therefore my wags weeke house vs in the morne,

And post to Oxford to this iolly Frier,

Bacon shall by his magicke doe this deed.

Warren. Content my lord, and thats a speedy way

To weane these head-strong puppies from the teare.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Edward. I am vnknowne, not taken for the Prince,
They onely deeme vs frolicke Courtiers,
That reuell thus among our lieges game:
Therefore I haue deuised a pollicie,
Lacie, thou knowst next friday is *S. Iames*,
And then the country flockes to Harlston faire,
Then will the keepers daughter frolicke there,
And ouer-shine the troupe of all the maids,
That come to see, and to be seene that day.
Haunt thee disguised among the countrie swaines,
Fain thart a farmers sonne, not far from thence,
Espie her loues, and who she liketh best:
Coat him, and court her to controll the clowne,
Say that the Courtier tyred all in greene,
That helpt her handsomly to run her cheese,
And fild her fathers lodge with venison,
Commends him, and sends fairings to her selfe,
Buy some thing worthie of her parentage,
Not worth her beautie for Lacie then the faire,
Affords no Iewell fitting for the mayd:
And when thou talkest of me, note if she blush,
Oh then she loues, but if her cheekes waxe pale,
Disdaine it is. Lacie send how she fares,
And spare no time nor cost to win her loues.
Lacie. I will my lord so execute this charge,
As if that Lacie were in loue with her.

Edward. Send letters speedily to Oxford of the newes.

Raphe. And sitha Lacie, buy me a thousand thousand million
of fine bells.

Lacie. What wilt thou doo with them Raphe?

Raphe. Mary euery time that Ned sighs for the keepers
daughter, He tie a bell about him, and so within three or foure
daies I will send word to his father *Harry*, that his sonne and my
maister Ned is become Loues morris dance.

Edward. Well Lacie, looke with care vnto thy charge,
And I will hast to Oxford to the Frier,

In A

B

That

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

That he by art, and thou by secret gifts,
Maist make me lord of merrie Frelingfield.

Lacie. God send your honour your harts desire. *Exeunt.*

*Enter frier Bacon, with Miles his poore scholer with bookes
under his arme, with them Burden, Mason,
Clement, three doctors.*

Bacon. Miles where are you?

Miles. *Hic sum doctissime & reuerendissime doctor.*

Bacon. *Attulisti nos libros meos de Necromantia.*

Miles. *Ecco quam bonum & quam iocundum, habitares libros
in vnum.*

Bacon. Now maisters of our Academicke state,
That rule in Oxford Vizroies in your place,
Whose heads containe Maps of the liberall arts,
Spending your time in deapth of learned skill,
Why flocke you thus to Bacons secret Cell,
A Frier newly stalde in Brazennose,
Say whats your mind, that I may make replie.

Burden. Bacon we hear, that long we haue suspect,
That thou art read in Magicks mysterie,
In Piromancie to diuine by flames,
To tell by Hadromaticke, ebbes and tides,
By Aeromancie, to discouer doubts,
To plaine out questions, as Apollo did.

Bacon. Well maister Burden, what of all this?

Miles. Marie sir he doth but fulfill by rehearsing of these
names the Fable of the Fox and the grapes, that which is aboue
vs, pertains nothing to vs.

Burden. I tell thee Bacon, Oxford makes report,
Nay England, and the court of Henrie saies,
Thart making of a brazen head by art,
Which shall vnfold strange doubts and Aphorismes,
And read a lecture in Philosophie,

And

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

And by the helpe of Diuels and ghastly fiends,
Thou meanst ere many yeares or daies be past,
To compassse England with a wall of brasle.

Bacon. And what of this?

Miles. What of this maister, why he doth speak mystically,
for he knowes if your skill faile to make a brazen head, yet mo-
ther waters strong ale will fit his turne to make him haue a cop-
pernose.

Clement. Bacon we come not greewing at thy skill,
But ioieng that our Academie yeelds
A man supposde the woonder of the world,
For if thy cunning worke these myracles,
England and Europe shall admire thy fame,
And Oxford shall in characters of brasle,
And statues, such as were built vp in Rome,
Eternize Frier Bacon for his art.

Mason. Then gentle Frier, tell vs thy intent.

Bacon. Seeing you come as friends vnto the frier
Resolue you doctores, Bacon can by bookes,
Make storming Boreas thunder from his caue,
And dimme faire Luna to a darke Eclipse,
The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles, when Bacon bids him, or his fiends,
Bow to the force of his Pentageron.
What art can worke, the frolicke frier knowes,
And therefore will I turne my Magicke bookes,
And straine out Nigromancie to the deepe,
I haue contrivd and framde a head of brasle,
(I made Belcephon hammer out the stuffe)
And that by art shall read Philosophie,
And I will strengthen England by my skill,
That if ten Cæsars livd and raignd in Rome,
With all the legions Europe doth containe,
They should not touch a grasse of English ground,
The worke that Ninus reard at Babylon,
The brazen walles framde by Semiramis,

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Carued out like to the portall of the sunne,
Shall not be such as rings the English strond :
From Douer to the market place of Rie.

Burden. Is this possible?

Miles. Ile bring ye to or three witnesses.

Burden. What be those?

Miles. Marry sir three or foure as honest diuels , and good
companions as any be in hell.

Mason. No doubt but magicke may doe much in this,
For he that reades but Mathematicke rules,
Shall finde conclusions that auaille to worke,
Wonders that passe the common sense of men.

Burden. But *Bacon* roues a bow beyond his reach,
And tels of more than magicke can performe :
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries,
Haue I not past as farre in state of schooles:
And red of many secrets, yet to thinke,
That heads of Brasse can vtter any voice,
Or more, to tell of deepe philosophie,
This is a fable *Aesop* had forgot.

Bacon. *Burden*, thou wrongst me in detracting thus,
Bacon loues not to stuffe himselfe with lies :
But tell me fore these Doctors if thou dare,
Of certaine questions I shall moue to thee.

Burden. I will aske what thou can.

Miles. Marrie sir heele straight be on your pickpacke to
knowe whether the feminine or the masculin gender be most
worthie.

Bacon. Were you not yesterday maister *Burden* at Henly
vpon the Thembs?

Burden. I was, what then?

Bacon. What booke studied you there on all night?

Burden. I, none at all I red not there a line.

Bacon. Then doctors, Frier *Bacons* art knowes nought.

Clement. What say you to this maister *Burden* doth hee not
touch you?

Burden

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Burden. I passe not of his friuolous speeches.

Miles. Nay maister Burden, my maister ere hee hath done with you, will turne you from a doctore to a dunce, and shake you so small, that he will leaue no more learning in you than is in *Balaams Ass.*

Bacon. Maisters, for that learned Burdens skill is deepe,
And fore he doubts of *Bacons Cabalisme*;
He shew you why he haunts to Henly oft,
Not doctores for to tast the fragrant aire:
But there to spend the night in Alcumie,
To multiplie with secret spels of art.
Thus priuat steales he learning from vs all,
To prooue my sayings true, He shew you straight;
The booke he keepes at Henly for himselfe.

Miles. Nay now my maister goes to coniuration, take heede.

Bacon. Maisters stand still, feare not, He shewe you but his booke.

Heere he coniures.

Per omnes deos infernales Belcephon.

*Enter a woman with a shoulder of mutton
on a spit, and a Denill.*

Miles. Oh maister cease your coniuration, or you spoile all, for heeres a shee diuell come with a shoulder of mutton on a spit, you haue mard the diuels supper, but no doubt hee thinkes our Colledge fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cooke with a shoulder of mutton to make it exceed.

Hofesse. Oh where am I, or whats become of me.

Bacon. What art thou?

Hofesse. Hofesse at Henly mistresse of the Bell.

Bacon. How camest thou heere.

Hofesse. As I was in the kitchen mougst the maydes,
Spitting the meate against supper for my guesse:
A motion mooued me to looke forth of dore.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

No sooner had I pried into the yard,
But straight a whirlwind hoisted me from thence,
And mounted me aloft vnto the cloudes:
As in a trance I thought nor feared nought,
Nor know I where or whether I was tane:
Nor where I am, nor what these persons be.

Bacon. No, know you not maister Burden.

Hostesse. Oh yes good sir, he is my daily guest,
What maister Burden, twas but yesternight,
That you and I at Henly plaid at cardes.

Burden. I knowe not what we did, a poxe of all coniuring
Friers.

Clement. Now iolly Frier tell vs, is this the booke
that Burden is so carefull to looke on?

Bacon. It is, but Burden tell me now,
Thinkest thou that Bacons Nicromanticke skill,
Cannot performe his head and wall of Brasse,
When he can fetch thine hostesse in such post.

Miles. Ile warrant you maister, if maister Burden could con-
iure as well as you, hee would haue his booke euerie night from
Henly to study on at Oxford.

Mason. Burden what are you mated by this frolicke Frier,
Looke how he droops, his guiltie conscience
Driues him to bash and makes his hostesse blush.

Bacon. Well mistres for I wil not haue you mist,
You shall to Henly to cheere vp your guests
Fore supper ginne, Burden bid her adew,
Say farewell to your hostesse fore she goes,
Sirha away, and set her safe at home.

Hostesse. Maister Burden, when shall we see you at Henly.

Exeunt Hostesse and the Deuill.

Burden. The deuill take thee and Henly too.

Miles. Maister shall I make a good motion.

Bacon. Whats that?

Miles. Marry sir nowe that my hostesse is gone to prouide
supper,

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

supper, coniure vp an other spirite, and send doctor Burden flying after.

Bacon. Thus rulers of our Accademicke state,
You haue seene the Frier frame his art by prooffe:
And as the colledge called Brazennose,
Is vnder him and he the maister there:
So surely shall this head of brasse beframde,
And yeeld forth strange and vncorth *Aphorismes*:
And Hell and Heccate shall faile the Frier,
But I will circle England round with brasse.

Miles. So be it, *¶ nunc & semper, Amen.*

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Margaret the faire mayd of Fresingfield, with Thomas and Ione, and other clownes: Lacie disguised in countrie apparell.

Thomas. By my troth Margret heeres a wether is able to make a man call his father whorlon, if this wether hold wee shall haue hay good cheape, and butter and cheese at Harlston will beare no price.

Margret. Thomas, maides when they come to see the faire,
Count not to make a cope for dearth of hay,
When we haue turnd our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely vpon the rackes.
Then let our fathers prise it as they please,
We countrie sluts of merry Fresingfield,
Come to buy needlesse noughts to make vs fine,
And looke that yong-men should be francke this day,
And court vs with such fairings as they can.
Phabus is blythe and frolicke lockes from heauen,
As when he courted louely Semele:
Swearing the pedlers shall haue emptie packs,
If that faire wether may make chapmen buy.

Lacie. But louely Peggie Semele is dead,
And therefore *Phabus* from his pallace pries,

And

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

And seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,
Shewes all his glories for to court your selfe.

Margret. This is a fairing gentle sir indeed,
To sooth me vp with such smooth flatterie,
But learne of me your scoffes to broad before:
Well Ione our bewties must abide their iestes,
We serue the turne in iolly Frefingfield.

Ione. Margret, a farmers daughter for a farmers sonne,
I warrant you the meanest of vs both,
Shall haue a mate to leade vs from the Church:
But Thomas whats the newes? what in a dumpe.
Giue me your hand, we are neere a pedlers shop,
Out with your purse we must haue fairings now.

Thomas. Faith Ione and shall, Ile bestow a fairing on you, and
then we will to the Tauern, and snap off a pint of wine or two.

All this while Lacie whispers Margret in the eare.

Margret. Whence are you sir, of Suffolke, for your tearmes
are finer than the common sort of men?

Lacie. Faith louely girle, I am of Beckles by,
Your neighbour not aboue six miles from hence,
A farmers sonne that neuer was so quaint,
But that he could do courtesie to such dames:
But trust me Margret I am sent in charge,
From him that reueld in your fathers house,
And filld his Lodge with cheere and venison,
Tyred in greene, he sent you this rich purse:
His token, that he helpd you run your cheese,
And in the milkehouse chatted with your selfe.

Margret. To me, you forget your selfe.

Lacie. Women are often weake in memorie.

Margret. Oh pardon sir, I call to mind the man,
Twere little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for loue:
For we haue little leisure to debate of that.

Ione.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Ione. What Margret blush not, mayds must haue their
loues.

Thomas. Nay by the masse she lookes pale as if she were
angrie.

Richard. Sirha are you of Beckls? I pray how dooth good-
man Cob, my father bought a horse of him, Ile tell you Marget,
a were good to be a gentlemans iade, for of all things the foule
hilding could not abide a doong cart.

Margret. How different is this farmer from the rest,
That earst as yet hath pleasd my wandring sight,
His words are wittie, quickened with a smile,
His courtesie gentle, smelling of the court,
Facill and debonaire in all his deeds,
Proportiond as was Paris, when in gray,
He courted Aenon in the vale by Troy.
Great lords haue come and pleaded for my loue,
Who but the keepers lasse of Frefingfield,
And yet me thinks this Farmers iolly sonne,
Passeth the proudest that hath pleasd mine eye.
But Peg disclose not that thou art in loue,
And shew as yet no signe of loue to him,
Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy loue
Keepe that to thee till time doth serue thy turne,
To shew the greefe wherein thy heart doth burne.
Come Ione and Thomas, shall we to the faire,
You Beckls man will not forsake vs now,

Lacie. Nor whilst I may haue such quaint girls as you,

Margret. Well if you chaunce to come by Frefingfield,
Make but a step into the keepers lodge,
And such poore fare as Woodmen can affoord,
Butter and cheefe, creame, and fat venison,
You shall haue store, and welcome therewithall.

Lacie. Gramarcies Peggie, looke for me eare long.

Exeunt omnes.

C

Enter

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

*Enter Henry the third, the emperor, the king of Castile, Elinor
his daughter, Jaques Vandermaj, a Germaine.*

Henrie. Great men of Europe, monarchs of the West,
Ringd with the wals of old *Oceanus*,
Whose loftie surges like the battlements,
That compass high built Babel in with towers,
Welcome my lords, welcome braue westerne kings,
To Englands shore, whose promontorie cleeces,
Shewes Albion is another little world,
Welcome sayes English Henrie to you all,
Chiefly vnto the louely Eleanour,
Who darde for Edwards sake cut through the seas,
And venture as Agenors damsell through the deepe,
To get the loue of Henries wanton sonne.

Castile. Englands rich Monarch braue Plantagenet,
The Pyren mounts swelling aboue the clouds,
That ward the welthie Castile in with walles,
Could not detain the beautilous Eleanour,
But hearing of the fame of Edwards youth,
She darde to brooke *Neptunus* haughtie pride,
And bide the brunt of froward Eolus,
Then may faire England welcome her the more.

Elinor. After that English Henrie by his lords,
Had sent prince Edwards louely counterfeit,
A present to the Castile Elinor,
The comly pourtrait of so braue a man,
The vertuous fame discoursed of his deeds,
Edwards couragious resolution,
Done at the holy land fore Damas walles,
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equall links,
To like so of the English Monarchs sonne,
That I attempted perils for his sake.

Emperour. Where is the Prince, my lord?

Henrie. He posted down, not long since from the court,

To

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

To Suffolke side, to merrie Fremmingham,
To sport himselfe amongst my fallow deere,
From thence by packets sent to Hampton house,
We heare the Prince is ridden with his lords,
To Oxford, in the Academie there,
To heare dispute amongst the learned men,
But we will send forth letters for my sonne,
To will him come from Oxford to the court.

Empe. Nay rather Henrie let vs as we be,
Ride for to visite Oxford with our traine,
Faine would I see your Vniuersities,
And what learned men your Academie yields,
From Haspurg haue I brought a learned clarke,
To hold dispute with English Orators.
This doctōr surnamde Iaques Vandermaest,
A Germaine borne, past into Padua,
To Florence, and to faire Bolonia,
To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans,
And talking there with men of art, put downe
The chiefest of them all in Aphorismes,
In Magicke, and the Mathematicke rules,
Now let vs Henrie trie him in your schooles.

Henrie. He shal my lord, this motion likes me wel,
Weele progresse straight to Oxford with our trains,
And see what men our Academie brings.
And woonder Vandermaest welcome to me
In Oxford shalt thou find a iollie frier,
Cald Frier Bacon, Englands only flower
Set him but Non-plus in his magicke spels,
And make him yeeld in Mathematicke rules,
And for thy glorie I will bind thy browes,
Not with a pacts garland made of Baies,
But with a coronet of choicest gold.
Whilst then we sit to Oxford with our troupes,
Lets in and banquet in our English court.

Exit.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Enter Raphe Simnell in Edwardes apparrell, Edward, Warren, Ermsby disguised.

Raphe. Where be these vacabond knaues that they attend no better on their maister?

Edward. If it please your honour we are all ready at an inch.

Raphe. Sirha Ned, Ile haue no more post horse to ride on, Ile haue another fetch.

Ermsbie. I pray you how is that my Lord?

Raphe. Marrie sir, Ile send to the Ile of Eely for foure or fiue dozen of Geese, and Ile haue them tide six and six together with whipcord, Now vpon their backes will I haue a faire field bed, with a Canapie, and so when it is my pleasure Ile flee into what place I please; this will be easie.

Warren. Your honour hath said well, but shall we to Brasen-nose Colledge before we pull off our bootes.

Ermsbie. Warren well motioned, wee will to the Frier Before we reuell it within the towne.

Raphe see you keepe your countenance like a Prince.

Raphe. Wherefore haue I such a companie of cutting knaues to wait vpon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies: haue you not good swords and bucklers.

Enter Bacon and Miles.

Ermsbie. Stay who comes heere.

Warren. Some scholler, and weele aske him where Frier Bacon is.

Bacon. Why thou arrant dunce shal I neuer make thee good scholler, doth not all the towne crie out, and say, Frier Bacons subfiser is the greatest b'ockhead in all Oxford, why thou canst not speake one word of true Latine.

Miles. No sir, yes what is this els, *Ego sum tuus homo*, I am your man, I warrant you sir as good Tullies phrase as any is in Oxford.

Bacon.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Bacon. Come on sirha, what part of speech is *Ego*.

Miles. *Ego*, that is I, marrie *nomen substantiuo*.

Bacon. How prooue you that?

Miles. Why sir let him prooue himselfe and a will, I can be hard felt and vnderstood.

Bacon. Oh grosse dunce.

Here beate him.

Edw. Come let vs breake off this dispute between these two.
Sirha, where is *Brazennose Colledge*.

Miles. Not far from *Copper-smithes hall*.

Edward. What doest thou mocke me.

Miles. Not I sir, but what would you at *Brazennose*?

Ermsbie. Marrie we would speake with *frier Bacon*.

Miles. Whose men be you.

Ermsbie. Marrie *scholler* heres our *maister*.

Raphe. *Sirha* I am the *maister* of these good fellowes, mayst thou not know me to be a *Lord* by my *reparrell*.

Miles. Then heeres good game for the hawke, for heers the *maister foole*, and a couie of *Cockscombs*, one wise man I thinke would spring you all.

Edward. Gogs wounds *Warren* kill him.

Warren. Why *Ned* I thinke the deuill be in my sheath, I cannot get out my dagger.

Ermsbie. Nor I mine, Swones *Ned* I thinke I am bewitcht.

Miles. A companie of scabbes, the proudest of you all drawe your weapon if he can,
See how boldly I speake now my *maister* is by.

Edward. I striue in vaine, but if my sword be shut,
And coniured fast by magicke in my sheath,
Villaine heere is my fist.

Strike him a box on the eare.

Miles. Oh I beseech you coniure his hands too, that he may not lift his armes to his head, for he is light fingered.

Raphe. *Ned* strike him, Ile warrant thee by mine honour.

Bacon. What meanes the *English prince* to wrong my man,

Edward. To whom speakest thou.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Bacon. To thee.

Edward. Who art thou.

Bacon. Could you not iudge when all your swords grew fast,
That frier Bacon was not farre from hence:
Edward king Henries sonne and Prince of Wales,
Thy foole disguisd cannot conceale thy selfe,
I know both Ermsbie and the Suffex Earle,
Els Frier Bacon had but little skill.
Thou comest in post from merrie Fresingfield,
Fast fancied to the keepers bonny lasse,
To craue some succour of the iolly Frier,
And Lacie Eare of Lincolne hast thou left,
To treat faire Margret to allow thy loues:
But friends are men, and loue can baffle lords.
The Earle both woes and courtes her for himselfe.

Warren. Ned this is strange, the frier knoweth al.

Ermsbie. Appollo could not vtter more than this.

Edward. I stand amazed to heare this iolly Frier,

Tell euen the verie secrets of my thoughts:

But learned Bacon since thou knowest the cause,

Why I did post so fast from Fresingfield.

Helpe Frier at a pinch, that I may haue

The loue of louely Margret to my selfe,

And as I am true Prince of Wales, Ile giue

Liuing and lands to strength thy colledge stare.

Warren. Good Frier helpe the Prince in this.

Raphe. Why seruant Ned, will not the frier doe it. Were
not my sword glued to my scabberd by conuuration, I would cut
off his head and make him do it by force.

Miles. In faith my lord, your manhood and your sword is all
alike, they are so fast coniuerted that we shall neuer see them.

Ermsbie. Wat doctor in a dumpe; tush helpe the prince,
And thou shalt see how liberall he will prooue,

Bacon. Craue not such actions, greater dumps than these,
I will my lord straine out my magicke spels,
For this day comes the earle to Fresingfield.

And

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

And fore that night shuts in the day with darke,
Theile be betrothed ech to other fast:
But come with me, weele to my studie straight,
And in a glasse prospectiue I will shew
Whats done this day in merry Frefingfield.

Edward. Gramercies Bacon, I will quite thy paine.

Bacon. But send your traine my lord into the towne,
My scholler shall go bring them to their Inne:
Meane while weele see the knauerie of the earle.

Edward. Warren leaue me and Ermsbie, take the foole,
Let him be maister and go reuell it,
Till I and Frier Bacon talke a while.

Warren. We will my lord.

Raphe. Faith Ned and Ile lord it out till thou comest, Ile be
Prince of Wales ouer all the blacke pots in Oxford.

Exeunt,

Bacon and Edward goes into the study.

Bacon. Now frolick Edward, welcome to my Cell,
Heere tempers Frier Bacon many toies:
And holds this place his consistorie court,
Wherin the diuels pleads homage to his words,
Within this glasse prospectiue thou shalt see
This day whats done in merry Frefingfield,
Twixt louely Peggie and the Lincolne earle.

Edward. Frier thou gladst me, now shall Edward trie,
How Lacie meaneth to his foueraigne lord.

Bacon. Stand there and looke directly in the glasse,

Enter Margret and Frier Bungay.

Bacon. What sees my lord.

Edward. I see the keepers louely lasse appeare,
As bright-sunne as the parramour of Mars,

Onely

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Onely attended by a iolly frier.

Bacon. Sit still and keepe the christall in your eye,

Margret. But tell me frier Bungay is it true,

That this faire courtious cuntry swaine,

Who saies his father is a farmer me,

Can be lord Lacie earle of Lincolnshire.

Bungay. Peggie tis true, tis Lacie for my life,

Or else mine art and cunning both doth faile:

Left by prince Edward to procure his loues,

For he in greene that holpe you runne your cheefe,

Is sonne to Henry and the prince of Wales.

Margret. Bewhat he will his lure is but for lust.

But did lord Lacie like poore Margret,

Or would he daine to wed a cuntry lasse,

Frier, I would his humble handmayd be,

And for great wealth, quite him with courtesie.

Bungay. Why Margret dost thou loue him.

Margret. His personage like the pride of vaunting Troy,

Might well auouch to shadow Hellens cape:

His wit is quicke and readie in conceit,

As Greece afforded in her chiefeest prime

Courteous, ah Frier full of pleasing smiles,

Trust me I loue too much to tell thee more,

Suffice to me he is Englands parramour.

Bungay. Hath not ech eye that viewd thy pleasing face,

Surnamed thee faire maid of Frefingfield.

Margret. Yes Bungay, and would God the louely Earle

Had that in esse, that so many sought.

Bungay. Feare not, the Frier will not be behind,

To shew his cunning to entangle loue.

Edward. I thinke the Frier courts the bonny wench,

Bacon, me thinke he is a lustie churle.

Bacon. Now looke my lord.

Enter Lacie.

Edward. Gogs wounds Bacon heere comes Lacie.

Bacon.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Bacon. Sit still my lord and marke the commedie.

Bungar. Heeres Lacie, Margret step aside awhile.

Lacie. Diphne the damsell, that caught Phæbus fast,
And lockt him in the brightnesse of her looks,
Was not so beautious in Appollos eyes,
As is faire Margret to the Lincolne earle,
Recant thee Lacie thou art put in trust,
Edward thy foueraignes sonne hath chosenthee
A secret friend to court her for himselfe:
And darest thou wrong thy Prince with trecherie.
Lacie, loue makes no acception of a friend,
Nor deemes it of a Prince, but as a man:
Honour bids thee controll him in his lust,
His wooing is not for to wed the girle,
But to intrap her and beguile the lasse:
Lacie thou louest, then brooke not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy Princes frowne:
For better die, then see her liue disgracde.

Margret. Come Frier I will shake him from his dumps,
How cheere you sir, a penie for your thought:
Your early vp, pray God it be the neere,
What come from Beckles in a morne so soone.

Lacie. Thus watchfull are such men as liue in loue,
Whose eyes brooke broken slumbers for their sleepe,
I tell thee Peggie since last Harlston faire,
My minde hath felt a heape of pafsions.

Margret. A trustie man that court it for your friend,
Woo you still for the courtier all in greene.
I maruell that he sues not for himselfe.

Lacie. Peggie, I pleaded first to get your grace for him,
But when mine eies suruaid your beautious looks
Loue like a wagge, straight diued into my heart,
And there did shrine the Idea of your selfe:
Pittie me though I be a farmers sonne,
And measure not my riches but my loue.

Margret. You are verie hastie for to garden well,

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Seeds must haue time to sprout before they spring,
Loue ought to creepe as doth the dials shade,
For timely ripe is rotten too too soone.

Bungay. Deus hic, roome for a merry Frier,
What youth of Beckles, with the keepers lasse,
Tis well, but tell me heere you any newes.

Margret. No, Frier what newes.

Bungay. Heere you not how the pursueants do post,
With proclamations through ech country towne:

Lacie. For what gentle frier tell the newes.

Bungay. Dwelst thou in Beckles & heerst not of these newes,
Lacie the Earle of Lincolne is late fled

From Windfor court disguised like a swaine,
And lurkes about the countrie heere vnknowne.
Henrie suspects him of some trecherie,

And therefore doth proclaime in euery way,
That who can take the Lincolne earle, shall haue
Paid in the Exchequer twentie thousand crownes.

Lacie. The earle of Lincoln, Frier thou art mad,
It was some other, thou mistakest the man:
The earle of Lincolne, why it cannot be.

Margret. Yes verie well my lord, for you are he,
The keepers daughter tooke you prisoner,
Lord Lacie yeeld, Ile be your gailor once.

Edward. How familiar they be Bacon.

Bacon. Sit still and marke the sequell of their loues.

Lacie. Then am I double prisoner to thy selfe,
Peggie, I yeeld, but are these newes iniest,

Margret. Iniest with you, but earnest vnto me:
For why, these wrongs do wring me at the heart,
Ah how these earles and noble men of birth,
Flatter and faine to forge poore womens ill.

Lacie. Beleeue me lasse, I am the Lincolne earle,
I not denie, but tyred thus in rags

I liued disguised to winne faire Peggies loue.

Margret. What loue is there where wedding ends not loue?

Lacie.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Lacie. I meant faire girl to make thee *Lacies* wife.

Margret. I litle thinke that earles wil stoop so low,

Lacie. Say, shall I make thee countesse ere I sleep.

Marg. Handmaid vnto the earle so please him selfe

A wife in name, but seruant in obedience.

Lacie. The *Lincolne* countesse, for it shalbe so,

Ile plight the bands and seale it with a kisse.

Edward. Gogs wounds *Bacon* they kisse, Ile stab them,

Bacon. Oh hold your handes my lord it is the glasse.

Edward. Coller to see the traitors gree so well,

Made me thinke the shadowes substances.

Bacon. Twere a long poinard my lord, to reach betweene
Oxford and *Fresingfield*, but sit still and see more.

Bungay. Well lord of *Lincolne*, if your loues be knit,

And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree :

To auoid insuing iarres, Ile hamper vp the match,

Ile take my portace forth, and wed you heere,

Then go to bed and seale vp your desires.

Lacie. Frier content, *Peggie* how like you this?

Margret. What likes my lord is pleasing vnto me.

Bungay. Then hand-fast hand, and I wil to my booke,

Bacon. What sees my lord now.

Edward. *Bacon*, I see the louers hand in hand,

The Frier readie with his portace there,

To wed them both, then am I quite vndone,

Bacon helpe now, if ere thy magicke serude,

Helpe *Bacon*, stop the marriage now,

If diuels or nigromantie may suffice,

And I will giue thee fortie thousand crownes.

Bacon. Feare not my lord, Ile stop the iolly Frier,

For muintbling vp his orisons this day.

Lacie. VVhy speakst not *Bungay*, Frier to thy booke.

Bungay is mute, crying *Hud hud.*

Margret. How lookest thou frier, as a man distraught,

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Rest of thy senses Bungay, shew by signes
If thou be dum what passions holdeth thee.

Lacie. Hees dumbe indeed: Bacon hath with his diuels
Inchanted him, or else some strange disease,
Or Appoplexie hath posselt his lungs:
But Peggie what he cannot with his booke
Weele twixt vs both vnite it vp in heart.

Margret. Els let me die my lord a miscreant.

Edward. Why stands frier ^{Bacon} ~~Bacon~~ ^{Bungay} so amazd.

Bacon. I haue strook him dum my lord, & if your honor please
He fetch this Bungay straightway from Fresingfield,
And he shall dine with vs in Oxford here.

Edward. Bacon, doe that and thou contentest me,

Lacie. Of courtesie Margret let vs lead the frier
Vnto thy fathers lodge, to comfort him
With brothes to bring him from this haplesse trance.

Margret. Or els my lord, we were passing vnkinde
To leaue the frier so in his distresse.

Enter a deuill, and carrie Bungay on his backe.

Margret. O helpe my lord, a deuill, a deuill my lord,
Looke how he carries Bungay on his backe:
Lets hence for Bacons spirits be abroad.

Exeunt.

Edward. Bacon I laugh to see the iolly Frier
Mounted vpon the diuell, and how the earle
Flees with his bonny tasle for feare,
As soone as Bungay is at Brazennose,
And I haue chatted with the merrie frier,
I will in post hie me to Fresingfield,
And quite these wrongs on *Lacie* ere it be long,

Bacon. So be it my lord, but let vs to our dinner:
For ere we haue taken our repast awhile,

We

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.
We shall haue Bungay brought to Brazennose.

Exeunt.

Enter three doctors, Burden, Mason,
Clement.

Mason. Now that we are gathered in the regent house,
It fits vs talke about the kings repaire,
For he troopt with all the westerne kings
That lie alongst the Danick seas by East,
North by the clime of frostie Germanie,
The Almain Monarke, and the Scocon duke,
Castile, and louely Ellinor with him,
Haue in their iests resolved for Oxford towne.

Burden. We must lay plots of stately tragedies,
Strange comick shewes, such as proud Roscius
Vaunted before the Romane Emperours.

Clement. To welcome all the westerne Potētates
But more the king by letters hath foretold,
That Fredericke the Almaine Emperour
Hath brought with him a Germane of esteeme,
Whose surname is Don Iaquesse Vandermaſt,
Skilfull in magicke and those secret arts.

Mason. Then must we all make sute vnto the frier,
To Frier Bacon that he vouch this taske,
And vndertake to counteruaile in skill
The German, els theres none in Oxford can,
Match and dispute with learned Vandermaſt.

Burden. Bacon, if he will hold the German play,
Weele teach him what an English Frier can doe:
The diuell I thinke dare not dispute with him.

Clement. Indeed mas doctor he pleased you,
In that he brought your hostesse with her spit;
From Henly posting vnto Brazennose.

Burden. A vengeance on the Frier for his paines,
But leauing that, lets hie to Bacon straight,

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

To see if he will take this taske in hand.

Clement. Stay what rumor is this, the towne is vp in a mutinie, what hurly burly is this?

*Enter a Constable, with Raphe, Warren, Ermsbie
and Miles.*

Constable. Nay maisters if you were nere so good, you shall before the doctors to aunswer your misdemeamour.

Burden. Whats the matter fellow?

Constable. Marie sir, heres a companie of rufflers that drinking in the Tauerne haue made a great braule, and almost kilde the vintner.

Miles. Salue doctor Burden, this lubberly lurdn,
Ill shapre and ill faced, disdained and disgraced,
What he tels vnto vobis, mentitur de nobis.

Burden. Who is the maister and cheefe of this crew?

Miles. Ecce asinum mundi, sugura rotundi,
Neat sheat and fine, as briske as a cup of wine.

Burden. What are you?

Raphe. I am father doctor as a man would say, the Belweather of this cōpany, these are my lords, and I the prince of Wales.

Clement. Are you Edward the kings sonne?

Raphe. Sirra Miles, bring hither the tapster that drue the wine, and I warrant when they see how soundly I haue broke his head, theile say twas done by no lesse man than a prince.

Mason. I cannot belecue that this is the prince of Wales.

Warren. And why so sir?

Mason. For they say the prince is a braue & a wise gentleman.

War. Why and thinkest thou doctor that he is not so?

Darst thou detract and derogat from him,
Being so louely and so braue a youth.

Ermsbie. Whose face shining with many a sugred smile,
Bewraies that he is bred of princely race.

Miles. And yet maister doctor, to speake like a proctor,
And tell vnto you, what is veriment and true,
To cease of this quarrell, looke but on his apparrell,

Then

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Then marke but my talis, he is great prince of Walis,

The cheefe of our *gregis*, and *filius regis*,

Then ware what is done, for he is Henries white sonne.

Raphe. Doctors whose doting nightcaps are not capable of my ingenious dignitie, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you displease, will make a shippe that shall hold all your colleges, and so carrie away the Niniuersitie with a fayre wind, to the Bankeside in Southwarke, how sayst thou Ned Warraine, shall I not do it?

Vvarren. Yes my good lord, and if it please your lordship, I wil gather vp al your old pantophles, and with the corke, make you a Pinnis of fise hundred tunne, that shall serue the turne maruellous well, my lord.

Ermsbie. And I my lord will haue Pioners to vndermine the towne, that the very Gardens and orchards be carried away for your summer walkes.

Miles. And I with *scientia*, and great *diligentia*, Will coniure and charme, to keepe you from harme, That *verum horum maus*, your very great *naus*, Like Bartlets ship, from Oxford do skip, With Colleges and schooles, full loaden with fooles, *Quid dices ad hoc*, worshipfull *domine Daswcocke*.

Clement. Why hare braind courtiers, are you drunke or mad, To taunt vs vp with such scurilitie, Deeme you vs men of base and light esteeme, To bring vs such a fop for Henries sonne, Call out the beads and conuay them hence, Straight to Bocardo, let the roisters lie Close clapt in bolts, vntill their wits be tame.

Ermsbie. Why shall we to prison my lord? (presence?)

Raphe. What saist Miles, shall I honour the prison with my

Miles. No no, out with your blades, and hamper these iades, Haue a flurt and a crash, now play reuell dash, And teach these Sacerdos, that the Bocardos, Like pezzants and elues, are meet for themselves.

Mason. To the prison with them constable,

Well

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Warren. Well doctors seeing I haue sported me,
With laughing at these mad and merrie waggés,
Know that prince Edward is at Brazennose,
And this attired like the prince of Wales,
Is Raphe, king Henries only loued foole,
I, earle of Essex, and this Ermsbie
One of the priuie chamber to the king,
Who while the prince with Frier Bacon staies,
Haue reuel'd it in Oxford as you see.

Mason. My lord pardon vs, we knew not what you were,
But courtiers may make greater skapes than these,
Wilt please your honour dine with me to day?

Warren. I will maister doctor, and satisfie the vintner for his
hurt, only I must desire you to imagine him all this forenoon the
prince of Wales.

Mason. I will sir.

Raphe. And vpon that I will lead the way, onely I will haue
Miles go before me, because I haue heard Henrie say, that wise-
dome must go before Maiestie. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter prince Edward with his poinard in his hand, Lacie
and Margret.*

Edward. Lacie thou canst not shroud thy traitrous thoughts,
Nor couer as did Calsius all his wiles,
For Edward hath an eye that lookes as farre,
As Linxæus from the shores of Grecia,
Did not I sit in Oxford by the Frier,
And see thee court the mayd of Fresingfield,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kisse,
Did not prow'd Bungay draw his portasse foorth,
And ioyning hand in hand had married you,
If Frier Bacon had not stroke him dumbe,
And mounted him vpon a spirits backe,
That we might chat at Oxford with the frier,
Traitor what answerst, is not all this true?

Truth

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Lacie. Truth all my Lord and thus I make replie,
At Harlstone faire there courting for your grace,
When as mine eye suruaid her curious shape,
And drewe the beautious glory of her looks,
To diue into the center of my heart.
Loue taught me that your honour did but iest,
That princes were in fancie but as men,
How that the louely maid of Fresingfield,
Was fitter to be Lacies wedded wife,
Than concubine vnto the prince of Wales.

Edward. Iniurious Lacie did I loue thee more
Than Alexander his Hephestion,
Did I vnfold the passion of my loue,
And locke them in the closet of thy thoughts,
Wert thou to Edward second to himselfe,
Sole freind, and partner of his secreat loues,
And could a glaunce of fading bewtie breake,
Theinchained fetters of such priuat freindes,
Base coward, false, and too effeminate,
To be coriuall with a prince in thoughts,
From Oxford haue I posted since I dinde,
To quite a traitor fore that Edward sleepe.

Marg. Twas I my Lord, not Lacie stept awry,
For oft he sued and courted for your selfe,
And still woode for the courtier all in greene,
But I whome fancy made but ouer fond,
Pleaded my selfe with looks as if I lovd,
I fed myne eye with gazing on his face,
And still bewicht lovd Lacie with my looks,
My hart with fighes, myne eyes pleaded with tears,
My face held pittie and content at once,
And more I could not sipher out by signes
But that I lovd Lord Lacie with my heart,
Then worthy Edward measure with thy minde,
If womens fauours will not force men fall,
If bewtie and if darts of persing loue,

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Is not of force to bury thoughts of friendes.

Edward. I tell thee Peggie I will haue thy loues,
Edward or none shall conquer Margret;
In Frigats bottomd with rich Sethin planks,
Topt with the loftie firs of Libanon,
Stemd and incast with burnisht Iuorie
And ouerlaid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waues
And draw the Dolphins to thy louely eyes,
To daunce lauoltas in the purple streames,
Sirens with harpes and siluer psalteries,
Shall waight with musicke at thy frigots stem,
And entertaine faire Margret with her laies,
England and Englands wealth shall wait on thee,
Brittaine shall bend vnto her princes loue,
And doe due homage to thine excellence,
If thou wilt be but Edwards Margret.

Margret. Pardon my lord if Ioues great roialtie,
Sent me such presents as to Danae,
If Phoebus tied in Latonas webs,
Come courting from the beautie of his lodge,
The dulcet tunes of frolicke Mercurie,
Not all the wealth heauens treasure affoord,
Should make me leaue lord Lacie or his loue.

Edw. I haue leard at Oxford then this point of schooles,
Abбата causa, tollitur effectus,
Lacie the cause that Margret cannot loue,
Nor fix her liking on the English Prince,
Take him away, and then the effects will faile,
Villaine prepare thy selfe for I will bathe
My poinard in the bosome of an earle.

Lacie. Rather then liue, and misse faire Margrets loue,
Prince Edward stop not at the fatall doome,
But stab it home, end both my loues and life.

Marg. Braue Prince of Wales, honoured for royall deeds,
Twere sinne to staine fair Venus courts with blood,

Loues

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Loues conquests ends my Lord in courtesie,
Spare Lacie gentle Edward, let me die,
For so both you and he doe cease your loues.

Edward. Lacie shall die as traitor to his Lord.

Lacie. I haue deserued it, Edward act it well.

Margret. What hopes the Prince to gaine by Lacies death?

Edward. To end the loues twixt him and Margeret.

Marg. Why, thinks king Henries sonne that Margrets loue,
Hangs in the vncertaine ballance of proud time,
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts,
No, stab the earle, and fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice, ouer the loftie east,
Margret will meet her Lacie in the heauens.

Lacie. If fought betides to louely Margret,
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europes rich wealth nor Englands monarchie,
Should not allure Lacie to ouerliue,
Then Edward short my life and end her loues.

Margret. Bid me, and keepe a friend worth many loues.

Lacie. Nay Edward keepe a loue worth many friends.

Margret. And if thy mind be such as fame hath blazde,
Then princely Edward let vs both abide
The fatall resolution of thy rage,
Banish thou fancie, and embrace reuenge,
And in one toombe knit both our carkases,
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect loue,

Edward. Edward Art thou that famous prince of Wales,
Who at Damasco beat the Sarasens,
And broughtst home triumphe on thy launces point,
And shall thy plumes be puld by Venus downe,
Is it princely to disseuer louers leagues,
To part such friends as glorie in their loues,
Leaue Ned, and make a vertue of this fault,
And further Peg and Lacie in their loues,
So in subduing fancies passion,
Conquering thy selfe thou getst the richest spoile,

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Lacie rise vp, faire Peggie heeres my hand,
The prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts
And all his loues he yeelds vnto the earle,
Lacie enjoy the maid of Frefingfield,
Make her thy Lincolne countesse at the church,
And Ned as he is true Plantagenet,
Will giue her to thee franckly for thy wife.

Lacie. Humbly I take her of my foueraigne,
As if that Edward gaue me Englands right,
And right me with the Albion diadem.

Margret. And doth the English Prince mean true,
Will he vouchsafe to cease his formet loues,
And yeeld the title of a countrie maid,
Vnto lord Lacie.

Edward. I will faire Peggie as I am true lord.

Marg. Then lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,
In conquering loue as Cæsars victories,
Margret as milde and humble in her thoughts,
As was Aspatia vnto Cyrus selfe,
Yeelds thanks, and next lord Lacie, doth inshrine
Edward the second secret in her heart.

Edw. Gramercie Peggie, now that vowes are past,
And that your loues are not be reuolt:
Once Lacie friendes againe, come we will post
To Oxford, for this day the king is there,
And brings for Edward Castile Ellinor.
Peggie I must go see and view my wife,
I pray God I like her as I loued thee.
Beside, lord Lincolne we shall heare dispute,
Twixt frier Bacon, and learned Vandermaist,
Peggie wee leaue you for a weeke or two.

Margret. As it please lord Lacie, but loues foolish looks,
Thinke footsteps Miles, and minutes to be houres.

Lacie. Ile hasten Peggie to make short returne,
But please your honour goe vnto the lodge,
We shall haue butter, cheese, and venison.

And

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

And yesterday I brought for Margret,
A lustie bottle of neat clarret wine,
Thus can we feast and entertaine your grace.

Edward. Tis cheere lord Lacie for an Emperour,
If he respect the person and the place :
Come let vs in, for I will all this night,
Ride post vntill I come to Bacons cell.

Exeunt.

Enter Henrie, Empercur, Castile, Ellinor, Vandermaſt, Bungay.

Emperour. Trustme Plantagenet these Oxford schooles
Are richly seated neere the riuer side :

The mountaines full of fat and fallow deere,
The batling pastures laid with kine and flocks,
The towne gorgeous with high built colledges,
And schollers seemely in their graue attire.

Learned in searching principles of art,
What is thy iudgement, Iaquis Vandermaſt.

Vandermaſt. That lordly are the buildings of the towne,
Spacious the romes and full of pleasant walkes:
But for the doctors how that they be learned,
It may be meanly, for ought I can heere.

Bungay. I tell thee Germane, Haspurg holds none such,
None red so deepe as Oxenford containes,
There are within our accademicke state,
Men that may lecture it in Germanie,
To all the doctors of your Belgicke schools.

Henrie. Stand to him Bungay, charme this Vandermaſt,
And I will vse thee as a royall king.

Vandermaſt. Wherein darest thou dispute with me.

Bungay. In what a Doctor and a Frier can.

Vandermaſt. Before rich Europes worthies put thou forth
The doubtfull question vnto Vandermaſt.

Bungay. Let it be this, whether the spirites of piromancie

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

or Geomancie, be most predominant in magick.

Vander. I say of Piromancie.

Bungay. And I of Geomancie.

Vander. The cabbalists that wright of magicke spels,
As Hermes, Melchie, and Pithagoras,
Affirme that mongst the quadruplicitie
Of elementall essence, *Terra* is but thought,
To be a *punctum* squared to the rest:
And that the compasse of ascending elements
Exceed in bignesse as they doe in height,
Iudging the concaue circle of the sonne,
To hold the rest in his circonference,
If then as Hermes saies the fire be greatst,
Purest and onely giueth shapes to spirites:
Then must these Demones that haunt that place,
Be euery way superiour to the rest.

Bungay. I reason not of elementall shapes,
Nor tell I of the concaue lattitudes,
Noting their essence nor their qualitie,
But of the spirites that Piromancie calles,
And of the vigour of the Geomanticke fiends,
I tell thee Germane magicke haunts the grounds,
And those strange necromantick spels
That worke such shewes and wondering in the world,
Are acted by those Geomanticke spirites,
That Hermes calleth *Terra filii*.
The fierie spirits are but transparant shades,
That lightly passe as Heraults to beare newes,
But earthly fiends cloisd in the lowest deepe,
Disseuer mountaines if they be but chargd,
Being more grosse and massie in their power.
Vander. Rather these earthly geomantike spirits,
Are dull and like the place where they remaine:
For when proud Lucifer fell from the heauens,
The spirites and angels that did sin with him,
Retaind their locall essence as their faults,

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

All subiect vnder *Luna* continent,
They which offended lesse hang in the fire,
And second faults did rest within the aire,
But Lucifer and his proud hearted fiends,
Were throwne into the center of the earth,
Hauing lesse vnderstanding than the rest,
As hauing greater sinne, and lesser grace.
Therefore such grosse and earthly spirits doe serue,
For Iuglers, Witches, and vild forcerers,
Whereas the Piromanticke gemij,
Are mightie, swift, and of farre reaching power,
But graunt that Geomancie hath most force,
Bungay to please these mightie potentares,
Prooue by some instance what thy art can doe.

Bungay. I will.

Emper. Now English Harry here begins the game,
We shall see sport betweene these learned men.

Vandermaest. What wilt thou doe.

Bung. Shew thee the tree leavd with refined gold,
Wheron the fearefull dragon held his seate,
That watcht the garden cald Hesperides,
Subdued and wonne by conquering Hercules.

Vandermaest. Well done.

*Heere Bungay coniures and the tree appeares with
the dragon shooting fire.*

Henrie. What say you royall lordings to my frier,
Hath he not done a point of cunning skill.

Vander. Ech scholler in the Nicromanticke spels,
Can doe as much as Bungay hath performd,
Buras Alcmenas basterd ras'd this tree,
So will I raise him vp as when he liued,
And cause him pull the Dragon from his seate,
And teare the branches peccemeale from the roote,
Hercules Prode, Prodi Hercules.

Hercules

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Hercules appeares in his Lions skin.

Hercules. Quis me vult.

Vandermaſt. Ioues baſtard ſonne thoulbian Hercules
Pull off the ſprigs from off the Hesperian tree,
As once thou didſt to win the golden fruit.

Hercules. Fiat.

Heere he begins to breake the branches.

Vander. Now Bungay if thou canſt by magicke charme,
The fiend appearing like great Hercules,
From pulling downe the branches of the tree,
Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.

Bungay. I cannot.

Vander. Cease Hercules vntill I giue thee charge,
Mightie commander of this English Ile,
Henrie come from the ſtout Plantagenets,
Bungay is learned enough to be a Frier.
But to compare with Iaquis Vandermaſt,
Oxford and Cambridge muſt go ſeeke their celles,
To find a man to match him in his art.
I haue giuen *non-plus* to the Paduans,
To them of Sien, Florence, and Belogna,
Reimes, Louain and faire Rotherdam,
Franckford, Lutrech and Orleance:
And now muſt Henrie if he dome right,
Crowne me with lawrell as they all haue done.

Enter Bacon.

Bacon. All haile to this roiall companie,
That ſit to heare and ſee this ſtrange diſpute:
Bungay, how ſtandeſt thou as a man amazd,
What hath the Germane acted more than thou,

Vander.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Vandermaſt. What art thou that questions thus.

Bacon. Men call me Bacon.

Vander. Lordly thou lookeſt, as if that thou wert learnd,
Thy countenance, as if ſcience held her ſeate
Betweene the circled arches of thy browes.

Henrie. Now Monarcks hath the Germain found his match.

Emperour. Beſtirre thee Iaquis take not now the foile,
Leaſt thou doeſt looſe what foretime thou didſt gaine.

Vandermaſt. Bacon, wilt thou diſpute?

Bacon. Noe, vnleſſe he were more learnd than *Vandermaſt.*
For yet tell me, what haſt thou done ?

Vandermaſt. Raiſd Hercules to ruinate that tree,
That Bongay mounted by his magicke ſpels.

Bacon. Set Hercules to worke.

Vander. Now Hercules, I charge thee to thy taſke,
Pull off the golden branches from the roote.

Hercules. I dare not, Seeſt thou not great Bacon heere,
Whoſe frowne doth act more than thy magicke can.

Vandermaſt. By all the thrones and dominations,
Vertues, powers and mightie Herarchies,
I charge thee to obey to Vandermaſt.

Hercules. Bacon, that bridles headſtrong Belcephon,
Andrules Aſinenoth guider of the North:
Bindes me from yeelding vnto Vandermaſt.

Hen. How now Vandermaſt, haue you met with your match.

Vandermaſt. Neuer before waſt knowne to Vandermaſt.
That men held deuils in ſuch obedient awe,
Bacon doth more than art or els I faile.

Emperour. Why Vandermaſt art thou ouercome,
Bacon diſpute with him, and trie his ſkill:

Bacon. I come not Monarckes for to hold diſpute.
With ſuch a nouice as is Vandermaſt,
I come to haue your royalties to dine
With Frier Bacon heere in Brazennoſe,
And for this Germane troubles but the place
And holds this audience with a long ſuſpence,

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

He send him to his Accademie hence,
Thou Hercules whom Vandermaſt did raiſe,
Transport the Germane vnto Haſpurge ſtraight,
That he may learne by trauaile gainſt the ſprings,
More ſecret doomes and Aphoriſmes of art,
Vanish the tree and thou away with him.

Exit the ſpirit with Vandermaſt and the Tree.

Emperour. Why Bacon whether doeſt thou ſend him,
Bacon. To Haſpurge there your highneſſe at returne,
Shall finde the Germane in his ſtudie ſafe.
Henrie. Bacon, thou haſt honoured England with thy ſkill,
And made faire Oxford famous by thine art,
I will be Engliſh Henrie to thy ſelfe,
But tell me ſhall we dine with thee to day.
Bacon. With me my Lord, and while I fit my cheere,
See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you:
Gracious as the morning ſtarre of heauen, *Exit.*

Enter Edward, Lacie, Warren, Ermsbie.

Emperour. Is this Prince Edward Henries royall ſonne,
How martiall is the figure of his face,
Yet louely and beſet with Amorets.
Henrie. Ned, where haſt thou been.
Edward. At Framingham my Lord, to trie your buckes.
If they could ſcape they teiſers or the toile:
But hearing of theſe lordly Potentates
Landed, and prograft vp to Oxford towne,
I poſted to giue entertaine to them,
Chiefe to the Almaine Monarke, next to him,
And ioynt with him, Caſtile and Saxonie,
Are welcome as they may be to the Engliſh Court.
Thus for the men, but ſee Venus appeares,
Or one that ouermatcheth Venus in her ſhape,

Sweete

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Sweete Ellinor, beauties high swelling pride,
Rich natures glorie, and her wealth at once :
Faire of all faires, welcome to Albion,
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine owne,
If that thou dainst the welcome from my selfe.

Ellinor. Martiall Plantagenet, Henries high minded sonne,
The marke that Ellinor did count her aime,
I like thee fore I saw thee, now I loue,
And so as in so short a time I may:
Yet so as time shall neuer breake that so,
And therefore so accept of Ellinor.

Castile. Feare not my Lord, this couple will agree,
If loue may creepe into their wanton eyes:
And therefore Edward I accept thee heere,
Without suspence, as my adopted sonne.

Henrie. Let me that ioy in these conforing greets,
And glorie in these honors done to Ned,
Yeeld thanks for all these fauours to my sonne,
And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter Miles with a cloth and trenchers and salt.

Miles. *Saluete omnes reges,* that gouern your Greges, in Saxo-
nie and Spaine, in England and in Almaine : for all this frolicke
rable must I couer thee table, with trenchers, salt and cloth, and
then looke for your broth.

Emperour. What pleasant fellow is this.

Henrie. Tis my lord, doctour Bacons poore scholler.

Miles. My maister hath made me sewer of these great lords,
and God knowes I am as seruiceable at a table, as a fow is vnder
an apple tree: tis no matter, their cheere shall not be great, and
therefore what skills where the salt stand before or behinde.

Castile. These schollers knowes more skill in actiomes,
How to vse quips and sleights of Sophistrie,
Than for to couer courtly for a king.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

*Enter Miles with a messe of pottage and broth,
and after him Bacon.*

Miles. Spill sir, why doe you thinke I neuer carried
twopeny chop before in my life : by your leaue, *Nobile decus*, for
here comes doctor *Baconspecus*, being in his full age, to carrie a
messe of pottage.

Bacon. Lordings admire not if your cheere be this,
For we must keepe our Accademicke fare,
No riot where Philosophie doth raine,
And therefore Henrie place these Potentates,
And bid them fall vnto their frugall cates.

Emp. Presumptuous Frier, what scoffst thou at a king,
What doest thou taunt vs with thy pesants fare,
And giue vs cates fit for countrey swaines,
Henrie proceeds this iest of thy consent,
To twit vs with such a pittance of such price,
Tell me, and Fredericke will not greeue the long.

Henrie. By Henries honour and the royall faith
The English monarcke beareth to his friend:
I knew not of the friers feeble fare,
Nor am I pleas'd he entertaines you thus.

Bacon. Content thee Fredericke for I shewd the cates
To let thee see how schollers vse to feede:
How little meate refines our English wits,
Miles take away, and let it be thy dinner.

Miles. Marry sir I wil, this day shal be a festiual day with me,
For I shall exceed in the highest degree. *Exit Miles.*

Bacon. I tell thee Monarch, all the Germane Peeres
Could not affoord thy entertainment such,
So roiall and so full of Maiestie,
As Bacon will present to Fredericke,
The Basest waiter that attends thy cups,
Shall be in honours greater than thy selfe :

And

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

And for thy cates rich Alexandria drugges,
Fetcht by Carueils from Aegypts richest straights:
Found in the wealthy strond of Affrica,
Shall royallize the table of my king,
Wines richer than the Gyprian courtesan,
Quaft to Augustus kingly countermatch,
Shalbe carrowst in English Henries feasts:
Candie shall yeeld the richest of her canes,
Persia downe her volga by Canows,
Send down the secrets of her spicerie.
The Africke Dates *mirables* of Spaine,
Conserues, and Suckets from Tiberias,
Cates from Iudea choiser than the lampe
That fiered Rome with sparkes of gluttonie,
Shall bewtifie the board for Fredericke,
And therfore grudge not at a friers feast.

*Enter two gentlemen, Lambert, and Serlby
with the keeper.*

Lambert. Come frolicke keeper of our lieges game,
Whose table spréd hath euer venison,
And Iacks of wines to welcome passengers,
Know I am in loue with iolly Margret,
That ouer-shines our damsels as the moone,
Darkneth the brightest sparkles of the night,
In Laxfield heere my land and liuing lies,
Ile make thy daughter ioynter of it all,
So thou consent to giue her to my wife,
And I can spend fife hundreth markes a yeare.

Serlby. I am the lanlord keeper of thy holds,
By coppie all thy liuing lies in me.
Laxfield did neuer see me raise my due,
I will infeofe faire Margret in all,
So she will take her to a lustie squire.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Keeper. Now courteous gentls, if the *Keepers* girle,
Hath pleased the liking fancie of you both,
And with her beutie hath subdued your thoughts,
Tis doubtfull to decide the question.
It ioyes me that such men of great esteeme,
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate,
To be a wife to meaner men than you.
But sith such squires will stoop to *keepers* fee,
I will to auoid displeasure of you both,
Call *Margret* forth, and she shall make her choise,

Exit.

Lambert. Content *Keeper* send her vnto vs.
Why *Serlsby* is thy wife so lately dead,
Are all thy loues so lightly passed ouer,
As thou canst wed before the yeare be out,

Serlsby. I liue not *Lambert* to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her,
The graues ends and begins a married state.

Enter Margret.

Lambert. *Peggie* the louelic flower of all townes,
Suffolks faire *Hellen*, and rich *Englands* star,
Whose beautie tempered with her huswifrie,
Maks *England* talke of merry *Frislingfield*.

Serlsby. I cannot tricke it vp with poesies,
Nor paint my pafsions with comparisons,
Nor tell a tall of *Phebus* and his loues,
But this bee leue me *Laxfield* here is mine,
Of auncient rent seuen hundred pounds a yeare,
And if thou canst but loue a countrie squire,
I wil in seoffe thee *Margret* in all,
I can not flatter, trie me if thou please.

Mar. Braue neighbouring squires the stay of *Suffolks* clime,
A *Keepers* daughters is too base in gree
To match with men accompted of such worth,
But might I not displease I would reply,

Lamb.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Lambert. Say Peggy nought shall make vs discontent.

Marg. Then gentils note that loue hath little stay,
Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire,
Be kindled but by fancies motion,

Then pardon gentils, if a maids reply
Be doubtful, while I haue debated with my selfe,
Who or of whome loue shall constraine me like,

Serlsbie. Let it be me and trust me Margret,
The meads inuironed with the siluer streames,
Whose Batling pastures fatneth all my flockes,
Yelding forth fleeces stapled with such woole,
As Lempster cannot yelde more finer stuffe
And fortie kine with faire and burnisht heads,
With strouting duggs that puggle to the ground,
Shall serue thy dary if thou wed with me.

Lambert. Let passe the countrie wealth as flocks and kine,
And lands that waue with *Ceres* golden sheues
filling my barnes with plentie of the fieldes,
But peggie if thou wed thy selfe to me,
Thou shalt haue garments of Imbrodred silke,
Lawnes and rich networks for thy head attyre
Costlie shalbe thy fare abiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lamberts louing wife.

Margret Content you gentles you haue profered faire,
And more than fits a countrie maids degree,
But giue me leaue to counsaile me a time,
For fancie bloomes not at the first assault,
Giue me but ten dayes respite and I will replye,
Which or to whom my selfe affectionats.

Serlsby. Lambert I tell thee thou art importunate,
Such beaultie fits not such a base esquire
It is for Serlsby to haue Margret.

Lamb. Thinkst thou with wealth to ouer reach me
Serlsby, I scorne to brooke thy country braues
I dare shee Coward to maintaine this wrong.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

At dint of rapier single in the field.

Serlsby Ile aunswere Lambert what I haue auought

Margret farewel, another time shall serue.

Exit Serlsby

Lambert. Ile follow Peggie farewell to thy selfe,

Listen how well ile answer for thy loue.

Exit Lambert

Margeret. How Fortune tempers lucky happes with frowns,

And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight,

Loue is my blisse, and loue is now my bale,

Shall I be Hellen in my forward fates,

As I am Hellen in my matchles hue

And set rich Suffolke with my face afire,

If louely Lacie were but with his Peggy,

The cloudie darckenesse of his bitter frowne

Would check the pride of these aspiring squires,

Before the terme of ten dayes be expired,

When as they looke for aunswere of their loues,

My Lord will come to merry Frisingfield,

And end their fancies, and their follies both,

Til when Peggie be blith and of good cheere.

*Enter a post with a letter and
a bag of gold.*

Post. Fair louely damsell which way leads this path,
How might I post me vnto Frisingfield,
which footpath leadeth to the keepers lodge?

Margeret. Your way is ready and this path is right,
My selfe doe dwell hereby in Frisingfield,
And if the keeper be the man you seeke,
I am his daughter may I know the cause?

Post. Louely and once beloued of my lord,
No meruaile if his eye was lodgd so low,
when brighter beuene is not in the heauens,
The Lincolne hath sent you letters here,
And with them, just an hundred pounds in gold,
Sweete bonny wench read them and make reply.

Marg.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Margret. The scrowles that Ioue sent Danae
Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnisht gold,
Were not more welcome than these lines to me.
Tell me whilst that I doe vnrip the seales,
Liues Lacie well, how fares my louely Lord?
Post. Well, if that wealth may make men to liue well.

The letter, and Margret reads it.

THE bloomes of the Almond tree grow in a night, and vanish
in a morne, the flies *Hamere* (faire Peggie) take life with
the Sun, and die with the dew, fancie that slippeth in with a
gase, goeth out with a winke, and too timely loues, haue euer the
shortest length. I write this as thy grefe, and my folly, who at Fri-
singfield lovd that which time hath taught me to be but meane
dainties, eyes are dissemblers, and fancie is but queasie, therefore
know Margret, I haue chosen a Spanish Ladie to be my wife,
cheefe waighting woman to the Princeesse Ellinour, a Lady faire,
and no lesse faire than thy selfe, honorable and wealthy, in that I
forsake thee I leaue thee to thine own liking, and for thy dowrie
I haue sent thee an hundred pounds, and euer assure thee of my
fauour, which shall auaille thee and thine much. Farewell.

Not thine nor his owne,

Edward Lacie.

Fond Atæ doomer of bad boading fates,
That wrappes proud Fortune in thy snaky locks,
Didst thou inchaunt my byrth-day with such stars,
As lightned mischeefe from their infancie,
If heauens had vowd, if stars had made decree,
To shew on me their froward influence,
If Lacie had but lovd, heauens liell and all,
Could not haue wrongd the patience of my minde .

Post. It grieues me damsell, but the Earle is forst
To loue the Lady, by the Kings commaund.

Margret. The wealth combinde within the English shetues,
Europes commaunder nor the English King,

G

Should

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Should not haue moude the loue of Peggie from her Lord.

Post. What answere shall I returne to my Lord?

Margret. First for thou camst from Lacie whom I loue.

Ah giue me leaue to sigh at euery thought,
Take thou my freind the hundred pound he sent,

For Margrets resolution craues no dower,

The world shalbe to her as vanitie,

Wealth trash, loue hate, pleasure dispaire,

For I will straight to stately Fremmingham,

And in the abby there be shorne a Nun

And yeld my loues and libertie to God,

Fellow I giue thee this, not for the newes,

For those be hatefull vnto Margret,

But for thart Lacies man once Margrets loue.

Post. What I haue heard what passions I haue seene

He make report of them vnto the Earle.

Exit Post

Margret. Say that she ioyes his fancies be at rest,

And praies that his misfortune may be hers.

Exit

Enter Frier Bacon drawing the courtaines with a white stick,
a booke in his hand, and a lampe lighted by him, and the
brassen head and miles, whith weapons by him.

Bacon. Miles where are you?

Miles. Here sir.

Bacon. How chaunce you tarry so long?

Miles. Thinke you that the watching of the brazen head
craues no furniture? I warrant you sir I haue so armed my selfe,
that if all your deuills come I will not feare them an inch.

Bacon. Miles thou knowest that I haue diued into hell,
And sought the darkest pallaces of fiendes,
That with my Magick spels great Beicephon,
Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell,
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-formd Luna hid her siluer looks,

Trembling

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Trembling vpon her concaue contentent,
When Bacon red vpon his Magick booke,
With seuen yeares tosing nigromanticke charmes,
Poring vpon darke Hecats principles,
I haue framd out a monstrous head of brasle,
That by theinchaunting forces of the deuill,
Shall tell out strange and vncoth Aphorismes,
And girt faire England with a wall of brasle,
Bungay and I haue watcht these threescore dayes,
And now our vitall spirites craue some rest,
If Argos livd and had his hundred eyes,
They could not ouerwatch Phobeters night,
Now Miles in thee relts Frier Bacons weale,
The honour and renoune af all his life,
Hangs in the watching of this brazen-head,
Therefore I charge thee by the immortall God
That holds the foules of men within his fist,
This night thou watch, for ere the morning star
Sends out his glorious glister on the north,
The head will speake, then Miles vpon thy life,
Wake me for then by Magick art Ile worke,
To end my seuen yeares taske with excellence,
If that awinke but shut thy watchfull eye,
Then farewell Bacons glory and his fame,
Draw close the courtaines Miles now for thy life,
Be watchfull and *Here he falleth asleepe.*

Miles. So, I thought you would talke your selfe a sleepe anon,
and tis no meruaile, for Bungay on the dayes, and he on the
nights, haue watcht Iust thete ten and fifty dayes, now this is
the night, and tis my taske and no more. Now Iesus blesse me
what a goodly head it is, and a nose, you talke of *nos autem glori-*
ficare, but heres a nose, that I warrant may be cald *nos autem po-*
pelare for the people of the parish, well I am furnished with
weapons,, now sir I will set me downe by a post, and make it as
good asa watch-man to wake me if I chaunce to slumber.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

wn and
your

I thought goodman head, I would call you out of your *memento*,
palsion a God I haue almost broke my pate, Vp Miles to your
taske, take your browne bill in your hand, heerres some of your
maisters hobgoblins abroad. *With this a great noise.*

The Head speakes.

Head. Time is.

Miles. Time is, Why maister Brazenhead haue you such a
capitall nose, and answer you with fillables, Time is : is this all
my maisters cunning, to spend seuen yeares studie about Time is:
well sir, it may be we shall haue some better orations of it anon,
well Ile watch you as narrowly as euer you were watcht, and Ile
play with you as the Nightingale with the Slowworme, Ile set a
pricke against my brest : now rest there Miles, Lord haue mercy
vpon me, I haue almost kild my selfe : vp Miles list how they
rumble.

Head. Time was.

Miles. Well frier Bacon, you spent your seuen yeares studie
well that can make your Head speake but two wordes at once,
Time was : yea marie, time was when my maister was a wise man,
but that was before he began to make the Brasen-head, you shall
lie while your arce ake and your Head speake no better : well I
will watch and walke vp and downe, and be a Perepatetian and a
Philosopher of Aristotles stampe, what a freshe noise, take thy
pistols in hand Miles.

*Heere the Head speakes and a lightning flasheth forth,
and a hand appeares that breaketh down the
Head with a hammer.*

Head. Time is past.

Miles. Maister maister, vp, hels broken loose, your Head
speakes, and theres such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant
all Oxford is vp in armes, out of your bed and take a browne bill
in

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

in your hand, the latter day is come.

Bacon. Miles I come, oh passing warily watcht,
Bacon will make thee next himselfe in loue,
When spake the Head?

Miles. When spake the Head, did not you say that hee
should tell strange principles of Philosophie, why fir it speaks but
two wordes at a time.

Bacon. Why villaine hath it spoken oft.

Miles. Oft, I marie hath it thrice: but in all those three times
it hath vttered but seuen wordes.

Bacon. As how

Miles. Marrie sir, the first time he said, Time is, as if Fabius
cumentator should haue pronounst a sentence, he said Time was,
and the third time with thunder and lightning, as in great choller,
he said Time is past.

Bacon. Tis past indeed, a villaine time is past,
My life, my fame, my glorie, all are past:
Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruind downe,
Thy seuen yeares studie lieth in the dust:
Thy Brazen-head lies broken through a slaue
That watcht, and would not when the Head did will,
What said the Head first.

Miles. Euen sir, Time is,

Bacon. Villaine if thou hadst cald to Bacon then,
If thou hadst watcht and wakte the sleepe frier,
The Brazen-head had vttered Aphorismes,
And England had been circled round with brasse,
But proud Astmeroth ruler of the North,
And Demegorgon maister of the fates,
Grudge that a mortall man should worke so much,
Hell trembled at my deepe commanding spels,
Fiendes frownd to see a man their ouermatch,
Bacon might boast more than a man might boast:
But now the braues of Bacon hath an end,
Europes conceit of Bacon hath an end:
His seuen yeares practise setteth to ill end:

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

And villaine sith my glorie hath an end,
I will appoint thee fatall to some end,
Villaine auoid, get thee from Bacons sight,
Vagrant go rome and range about the world,
And perish as a vagabond on earth.

Miles. Why then sir you forbid me your seruice.

Bacon. My seruice villaine with a fatall curse,
That direfull plagues and mischiefe fall on thee.

Miles. Tis no matter I am against you with the old prouerb,
The more the fox is curst the better he fares : God be with you
sir, Ile take but a booke in my hand, a wide sleeued gowne on my
backe, and a crowned cap on my head, and see if I can want pro-
motion.

Bacon. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy wearie steps,
Vntill they doe transport thee quickte to hell,
For Bacon shall haue neuer merrie day,
To loose the fame and honour of his Head. *Exit.*

*Enter Emperour, Castile, Henrie, Ellinor, Ed-
ward, Lacie, Raphe.*

Emper. Now louely Prince the prince of Albions wealth,
How fares the ladie Ellinor and you:
What haue you courted and found Castile fit,
To answer England in equiuolence
Wilt be a match twixt bonny Nell and thee.

Edw. Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
And not lie fettered in faire Hellens lookes,
Or Phoebus scape those piercing amorits,
That Daphne glaunfed at his deitie:
Can Edward then sit by a flame and freeze,
Whose heat puts Hellen and faire Daphne downe,
Now Monarcks aske the ladie if we gree.

Hen. What madam hath my son found grace or no.

Ellinor. Seeing my lord his louely counterfeit,
And hearing how his minde and shape agreed,

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

I come not troopt with all this warlike traine,
Doubting of loue, but so effectiōat
As Edward hath in England what he wonne in Spaine.

Castile. A match my lord, these wantons needes must loue,
Men must haue wiues and women will be wed,
Lets hast the day to honour vp the rites.

Raphe. Sirha Harry, shall Ned marry Nell.

Henry. I Raphe, how then.

Raphe. Marrie Harrie follow my counsaile, send for frier Bacon to marrie them, for heele so coniure him and her with his Nigromancie, that they shall loue together like pigge and lambe whilest they liue.

Castile. But hearst thou Raphe, art thou content to haue Ellinor to thy ladie.

Raphe. I so she will promise me two things.

Castile. Whats that Raphe.

Raphe. That shee will neuer scold with Ned nor fight with me, Sirha Harry I haue put her downe with a thing vnpossible.

Henry. Whats that Raphe.

Raphe. Why Harrie didst thou euer see that a woman could both hold her tongue and her handes, no but when egge-pies growes on apple-trees, then will thy gray mare prooue a bag-piper.

Emperour. What saies the lord of Castile and the earle of Lincolne, that they are in such earnest and secret talke.

Castile. I stand my lord amazed at his talke

How he discourseth of the constancie,
Of one surnam'd for beauties excellence,
The faire maid of merrie Fresingfield.

Henrie. Tis true my lord, tis wondrous for to heare,
Her beautie passing Marces parramour:
Her virgins right as rich as Vestas was,
Lacie and Ned hath told me miracles.

Castile. What saies lord Lacie, shall she be his wife.

Lacie. Or els lord Lacie is vnfit to liue,
May it please your highnesse giue me leaue to poss

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

To Frefingfield Ilefetch the bonny girle,
And prooue in true apparance at the court
What I haue vouched often with my tongue.

Henric. Lacie, go to the quirie of my stable,
And take fuch courfers as fhall fit thy turne,
Hie thee to Frefingfield and bring home the laffe,
And for her fame flies through the Englifh coaft,
If it may please the ladie Ellinor,
One day fhall match your excellence and her,

Ellinor. We Caftile ladies are not very coy,
Your highneffe may command a greater boone,
And glad were I to grace the Lincolne earle
With being partner of his marriage day.

Edward. Gramercie Nell for I do loue the lord,
As he thats fecond to myfelfe in loue.

Raphe. You loue her, madam Nell, neuer belecue him you
though he fweares he loues you.

Ellinor. Why Raphe.

Raphe. Why his loue is like vnto a tapfters glaffe that is broken
with euery tutch, for he loued the faire maid of Frefingfield
once out of all hoe, nay Ned neuer wincke vpon me, I care not I.

Hen. Raphe tels all, you fhall haue a good fecretarie of him,
But Lacie hafte thee poft to Frefingfield:
Eor ere thou haft fitted all things for her ftate,
The folemne marriage day will be at hand.

Lacie. I go my lord.

Exit Lacie.

Emperour. How fhall we paffe this day my lord.

Henric. To horfe my lord, the day is paffing faire,
Weele flie the partridge or go rouse the deere,
Follow my lords, you fhall not want for fport.

Exeunt.

Enter frier Bacon with frier Bungay to his cell.

Bungay. What meanes the frier that frolickt it of late,
To fit as melancholie in his cell:

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

To sit as melancholie in his cell,
As if he had neither lost nor wonne to day.

Bacon. Ah Bungay my Brazen-head is spold,
My glorie gone, my seuen yeares studie lost:
The fame of Bacon bruted through the world,
Shall end and perish with this deepe disgrace.

Bungay. Bacon hath built foundation on his fame,
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and vncouth miracles,
As this cannot infringe what he deserues.

Bacon. Bungay sit down, for by prospectiue skill,
I find this day shall fall out ominous,
Some deadly act shall tide me ere I sleep:
But what and wherein little can I gesse.

Bungay. My minde is heauy what so ere shall hap.

Enter two schollers, sonnes to Lambert and Serlby.

Knocke.

Bacon. Whose that knockes.

Bungay. Two schollers that desires to speake with you.

Bac. Bid the come in, Now my youths what would you haue.

1. scholler. Sir we are Suffolke men and neighbouring friends;
Our fathers in their countries lustie squires,
Their lands adioyne, in Crackfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield, we are colledge mates,
Sworne brothers as our fathers liues as friendes.

Bacon. To what end is all this.

2. Scholler. Hearing your worship kept within your cell
A glasse prospectiue wherein men might see,
What so their thoughts or hearts desire could wish,
We come to know how that our fathers fare.

Bacon. My glasse is free for euery honest man,
Sit downe and you shall see ere long,
How or in what state your friendly father liues,
Meane while tell me your names.

Lambert. Mine Lambert.

H

2. scholler.

The honourable histovie of Frier Bacon.

2. Scholler. And mine Serlsbie.

Bacon. Bungay, I sinell there will be a tragedie.

Enter Lambert and Serlsbie, with Rapiers and daggers.

Lambert. Serlsby thou hast kept thine houre like a man,
Th'art worthie of the title of a squire:
That durst for prooffe of thy affection,
And for thy mistresse fauour prize thy bloud,
Thou knowst what words did passe at Frefingfield,
Such shamelesse braues as manhood cannot brooke:
I for I skorne to beare such piercing taunts,
Prepare thee Serlsbie one of vs will die.

Serlsbie. Thou seest I single thee the field,
And what I spake, Ile maintaine with my sword:
Stand on thy guard I cannot scold it out.
And if thou kill me, thinke I haue a sonne,
That liues in Oxford in the Brodgates hall,
Who will reuenge his fathers bloud with bloud.

Lambert. And Serlsbie I haue there a lusty boy,
That dares at weapon buckle with thy sonne,
And liues in Broadgates too as well as thine,
But draw thy Rapier for weele haue about.

Bacon. Now lustie yonkers looke within the glasse,
And tell me if you can discerne your fires.

1. Scol. Serlsbie tis hard, thy father offers wrong,
To combat with my father in the field.

2. schol. Lambert thou liest, my fathers is the abuse,
And thou shalt find it, if my father harme.

Bungay. How goes it sirs.

1. Scholler. Our fathers are in combat hard by Frefingfield

Bacon. Sit still my friendes and see the euent.

Lambert. Why standst thou Serlsbie doubtst thou of thy life.
A venie man, faire Margret craues so much.

Serlsbie. Then this for her.

1. Scholler. Ah well thrust.

2. Schol.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

2. Scholler. But marke the ward.

They fight and kill ech other.

Lambert. Oh I am slaine.

Serlbie. And I, Lord haue mercie on me.

1. Scholler. My father slaine, Serlby ward that.

The two schollers stab on another.

2. Scholler. And so is mine Lambert, Ile quite thee well.

Bungay. O strange strattagem.

Bacon. See Frier where the fathers both lie dead.

Bacon thy magicke doth effect this massacre:
This glasse prospectiue worketh manie woes,
And therefore seeing these braue lustie brutes,
These friendly youths did perish by thine art,
End all thy magicke and thine art at once:
The poniard that did end the fatall liues,
Shall breake the cause efficiat of their woes,
So fade the glasse, and end with it the shewes,
That Nigromancie did infuse the christall with.

He breakes the glasse.

Bung. What means learned Bacon thus to breake his glasse.

Bacon. I tell thee Bungay it repents me sore,

That euer Bacon medled in this art,
The houres I haue spent in piromanticke spels,
The fearefull tosing in the latest night,
Of papers full of Nigromanticke charmes,
Coniuring and adiuring diuels and fiends,
With stole and albe and strange Pentaganon,
The wresting of the holy name of God,
As Sother, Elaim, and Adonaie,
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragramiton,
With praying to the fiue-fould powers of heauen,
Are instances that Bacon must be damde,
For vsing diuels to counteruaile his God.

H *

Yet

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

Yet Bacon cheere thee, drowne not in despaire,
Sinnes haue their salues repentance can do much,
Thinke mercie sits where Iustice holds her seate,
And from those wounds those bloudie Iews did pierce
Which by thy magicke oft did bleed a fresh,
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,
To wash the wrath of hie Iehouahs ire,
And make thee as a new borne babe from sinne,
Bungay Ile spend the remnant of my life
In pure deuotion praying to my God,
That he would saue what Bacon vainly lost. *Exit.*

*Enter Margret in Nuns apparrell, Keeper, her father,
and their friend.*

Keeper. Margret be not so headstrong in these vows,
Oh burie not such beautie in a cell:
That England hath held famous for the hue,
Thy fathers haire like to the siluer bloomes:
That beautifie the shrubs of Affrica
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forgoe his louely Margret.

Margret. A father when the hermonie of heauen,
foundeth the measures of a liuely faith:
The vaine Illusions of this flattering world,
Seemes odious to the thoughts of Margret,
I loued once, lord Lacie was my loue,
And now I hate my selfe for that I lovd,
And doated more on him than on my God:
For this I scourge my selfe with sharpe repents,
But now the touch of such aspiring sinnes
Tels me all loue is lust but loue of heauens:
That beautie vsde for loue is vanitie,
The world containes nought but alluring baites:
Pride, flatterie, and inconstant thoughts,
To shun the pricks of death I leaue the world,

The honorable historie of Frier Bacon.

And vow to meditate on heavenly blisse,
To lue in Framingham a holy Nunne,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed:
And for to wish all maides to learne of me,
To seeke heauens ioy before earths vanitie.

Friend. And will you then Margret be shorn a Nunne, and so
leaue vs all.

Margret. Now farewell world the engin of all woe,
Farewell to friends and father, welcome Christ:
Adew to daintie robes, this base attire
Better befits an humble minde to God,
Than all the shew of rich abilliments,
Loue, oh Loue, and with fond Loue farewell,
Sweet Lacie whom I loued once so deere,
Euer be well, but neuer in my thoughts,
Least I offend to thinke on Lacies loue:
But euen to that as to the rest farewell.

Enter Lacie, Warrain, Ermsbie, booted and spurred.

Lacie. Come on my wags weere neere the keepers lodge,
Heere haue I oft walkt in the wattie Meades,
And chatted with my louely Margret.

V Varraine. Sirha Ned, is not this the keeper.

Lacie. Tis the same.

Ermsbie. The old lecher hath gotton holy mutton to him
a Nunne my lord.

Lacie. Keeper how farest thou holla man, what cheere,
How doth Peggie thy daughter and my loue.

Keeper. Ah good my lord, oh wo is me for Pegge,
See where she stands clad in her Nunnes attire,
Readie for to be thorne in Framingham:
She leaues the world because she left your loue,
Oh good my lord perswade her if you can.

Lacie. Why how now Margret, what a malecontent,
A Nunne, what holy father taught you this,
To taske your selfe to such a tedious life,
As die a maid, twere iniurie to me.

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

To smother vp such bewtie in a cell.

Margret. Lord Lacie thinking of thy former misse,
How fond the prime of wanton yeares were spent
In loue, Oh sic vppon that fond conceite,
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye,
I leaue both loue and loues content at once,
Betaking me to him that is true loue,
And leauing all the world for loue of him,

Lacie. Whence Peggie comes this Metamorphosis,
What shorne a Nun, and I haue from the court,
Posted with coursers to conuaie thee hence,
To Windfore, where our Mariage shal be kept,
Thy wedding robes are in the tailors hands,
Come Peggie leaue these peremptorie vowes.

Margret. Did not my lord resigne his interest,
And make diuorce twixt Margret and him;

Lacy. Twas but to try sweete Peggies constancie,
But will faire Margret leaue her loue and Lord?

Margret. Is not heauens ioy before earths fading blisse,
And life aboute sweeter than life in loue,

Lacie. Why then Margret will be shorne a Nun,

Marg. Margret hath made a vow which may not be reuokt.

Warraine. We cannot stay my Lord, and if she be so strict,
Our leisure graunts vs not to woo a fresh.

Ermsby. Choose you faire damsell, yet the choise is yours,
Either a solenine Nunnerie, or the court,
God, or Lord Lacie, weich contents you best,
To be a Nun, or els Lord Lacies wife.

Lacie. A good motion, Peggie your answer must be short.

Margret. The flesh is frayle, my Lord doth know it well,
That when he comes with his inchanting face,
What so ere betyde I cannot say him nay,
Off goes the habite of a maidens heart,
And seeing Fortune will, faire Fremingham,
And all the shew of holy Nuns farewell,
Lacie forme, if he wilbe my lord.

Lacie

The honourable historie of Friar Bacon.

Lacie. Peggie thy Lord, thy loue, thy husband,
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the King
Staies for to marry matchles Ellinour,
Vntil I bring thee richly to the court,
That one day may both marry her and thee,
How saist thou Keeper art thou glad of this?

Keeper. As if the English King had giuen
The parke and deere of Frisingfield to me.

Erms. I pray thee my Lord of Suffex why art thou in a broune
study?

Warraine. To see the nature of women, that be they neuer so
neare God, yet they loue to die in a mans armes.

Lacie. What haue you fit for breakefast? we haue hied and
posted all this night to Frisingfield.

Margret. Butter and cheese and humbls of a Deere,
Such as poore Keepers haue within their lodge.

Lacie. And not a bottle of wine?

Margret. Weele find one for my Lord.

Lacie. Come Suffex lets in, we shall haue more, for she speaks
least, to hold her promise sure.

Exeunt.

Enter a deuill to seeke Miles.

Deuill. How restles are the ghosts of hellish spiritines,
When euerie charmer with his Magick spels
Cals vs from nine-fold trenched Blegiton,
To scud and ouer-scoure the earth in post,
Vpon the speedie wings of swiftest winds,
Now Bacon hath raisd me from the darkest deepe,
To search about the world for Miles his man,
For Miles, and to torment his lasie bones,
For careles watchidg of his Brasen head,
See where he comes, Oh he is mine.

*Enter Miles with a gowne and a corner
cap.*

Miles. As scholler quoth you, marry sir I would I had bene made

The honourable historie of Frier Bacon.

aboutlemaker when I was made a scholler, for I can get neither to be a Deacon, Reader, nor Schoolemaister, no, nor the clarke of a parish, some call me dunce, another saith my head is as full of Latine as an eggs full of oatemeale, thus I am tormented that the deuill and Frier Bacon, haunts me, good Lord heers one of my maisters deuils, Ile goe speake to him, what maister Plutus, how chere you?

Deuill. Dooft thou know me?

Miles. Know you sir, why are not you one of my maisters deuils, that were wont to come to my maister Doctor Bacon, at Brazen-nose?

Deuill. Yes marry am I.

Miles. Good Lord M. Plutus I haue seene you a thousand times at my maisters and yet I had neuer the manners to make you drinke, but sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute, I warrant you hee easyeomanly a man, as you shall see, marke you maisters, heers a plaine honest man, without welt or garde, but I pray you sir do you come lately from hel?

Deuill. I marry how then,

Miles. Faith tis a place I haue desired long to see, haue you not good tipling houses there, may not a man haue a lustie fier there, a pot of good ale, a paire of cardes, a swinging peece of chalke, and a browne toast that will clap a white waistcoat on a cup of good drinke?

Deuill. All this you may haue there.

Miles. You are for me freinde, and I am for you, but I pray you, may I not haue an office there?

Deuill. Yes a thousand, what wouldst thou be?

Miles. By my troth sir in a place where I may profit my selfe, I know hel is a hot place, and men are mercurialous drie, and much drinke is spent there, I would be a rapster.

Deuill. Thou shalt.

Miles. Theres nothing lets me from going with you, but that tis a long iourney, and I haue neuer a horse.

Deuill. Thou shalt ride on my backe.

Miles. Now surely hers acourteous deuill, that for to pleasure

The honorable Historie of Fryer Bacon.

sure his friend, will not sticke to make a Iade of himselfe : but
I pray you Goodman friend, let me moue a question to you.

Denill. What's that ?

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble ?

Denill. An amble.

Miles. Tis well, but take heed it be not a trot,
But tis no matter, Ile preuent it.

Denill. What doest ?

Miles. Mary, friend, I put on my spurs : for if I find your
pace either a trot, or else vneasie, Ile put you to a false gallop,
Ile make you feele the benefit of my spurs.

Denill. Get vp vpon my backe.

Miles. Oh Lord, here's cuen a goodly maruell, when a man
rides to hell on the Deuils backe.

Exeunt roaring.

*Enter the Emperour with a pointlesse sword, next, the King of Castile,
carrying a sword with a point, Lacy carrying the Globe, Edward
Warraine carrying a rod of gold with a Dove on it, Ermsby with
a Crowne and Scepter, the Queene with the faire maide of Presing-
field on her left hand, Henry, Bacon, with other Lords atten-
ding.*

Edward. Great Potentates, earths miracles for state,
Thinke that Prince *Edward* humbles at your feet,
And for these fauours on his martiall sword,
He vowes perpetuall homage to your selues,
Yeelding these honours vnto *Ellinour*.

Henric. Gramercies, Lordings, old *Plantagenes*,
That rules and swayes the Albion Diademe,
With teares discouers these conceiued ioyes,
And vowes requitall, if his men at armes,
The wealth of England, or due honours done
To *Ellinor*, may quite his Fautorites.

But all this while what say you to the Dames,
That shine like to the christall lampes of heauen ?

Emperour. If but a third were added to these two,

They

The honorable History of Fryer Bacon.

They did surpass those gorgeous Images,
That gloried *Ida* with rich beauties wealth.

Margret. Tis I, my Lords, who humbly on my knee,
Must yeeld her horizons to mighty loue,
For lifting vp his handmaide to this state,
Brought from her homely cottage to the Court,
And graste with Kings, Princes and Emperours,
To whom (next to the noble Lincolne Earle)
I vow obedience, and such humble loue,
As may a handmaid to such mighty men.

Ellinor. Thou martiall man, that weares the Almaine Crown,
And you the Westerne Potentates of might,
The Albian Princeesse, English *Edwards* wife,
Proud that the louely star of Frefingfield,
Faire *Margret*, Countesse to the Lincolne Earle,
Attends on *Ellinor*: gramercies, Lord, for her,
Tis I giue thanks for *Margret* to you all,
And rest for her due bounden to your selues.

Henric. Seeing the marriage is solemnized,
Let's march in triumph to the Royall feast.
But why stands *Fryer Bacon* here so mute?

Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth,
That Magicks secret mysteries misled,
And ioyfull that this Royall marriage
Portends such blisse vnto this matchlesse Realme.

Hen. Why, *Bacon*, what strange euent shall happé to this Lād?
Or what shall grow from *Edward* and his Queene?

Bacon. I find by deepe præscience of mine Art,
Which once I tempred in my secret Cell,
That here where *Brute* did build his Troynouant,
From forth the Royall Garden of a King,
Shall flourish out so rich and faire a bud,
Whose brightnesse shall deface proud *Phæbus* flowre,
And ouer-shadow Albion with her leaues.
Till then, *Mars* shall be master of the field,
But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease,

The

The honorable Historie of Fryer Bacon.

The horse shall stampe as carelesse of the pike,
Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight,
With wealthy fauours, plenty shall enrich
The stond that gladded wandring Brute to see,
And peace from heauen shall harbour in these leaues,
That gorgeous beautifies this matchlesse flower,
Apelles Hemitropian then shall stoope,
And *Venus* hyacinth shall vaile her top,
Iuno shall shut her Gilliflowers vp,
And *Pallas* Bay shall bask her brightest greene,
Ceres carnation in consort with those,
Shall stoope and wonder at *Diana's* Rose.

Henric. This Prophecie is mysticall,
But glorious Commanders of Europa's loue,
That makes faire England like that wealthy Ile
Circled with Gihen, and first Euphrates,
In Royallizing *Henries* Albion,
With presence of your princely mightinesse,
Let's march, the tables all are spred,
And viandes such as Englands wealth affords,
Are ready set to furnish out the bords,
You shall haue welcome, mighty Potentates,
It rests to furnish up this Royall feast,
Only your hearts be frolicke: for the time
Craues that we taste of nought but ioy ianct,
Thus glories England ouer all the West. *Exeunt omnes.*

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.



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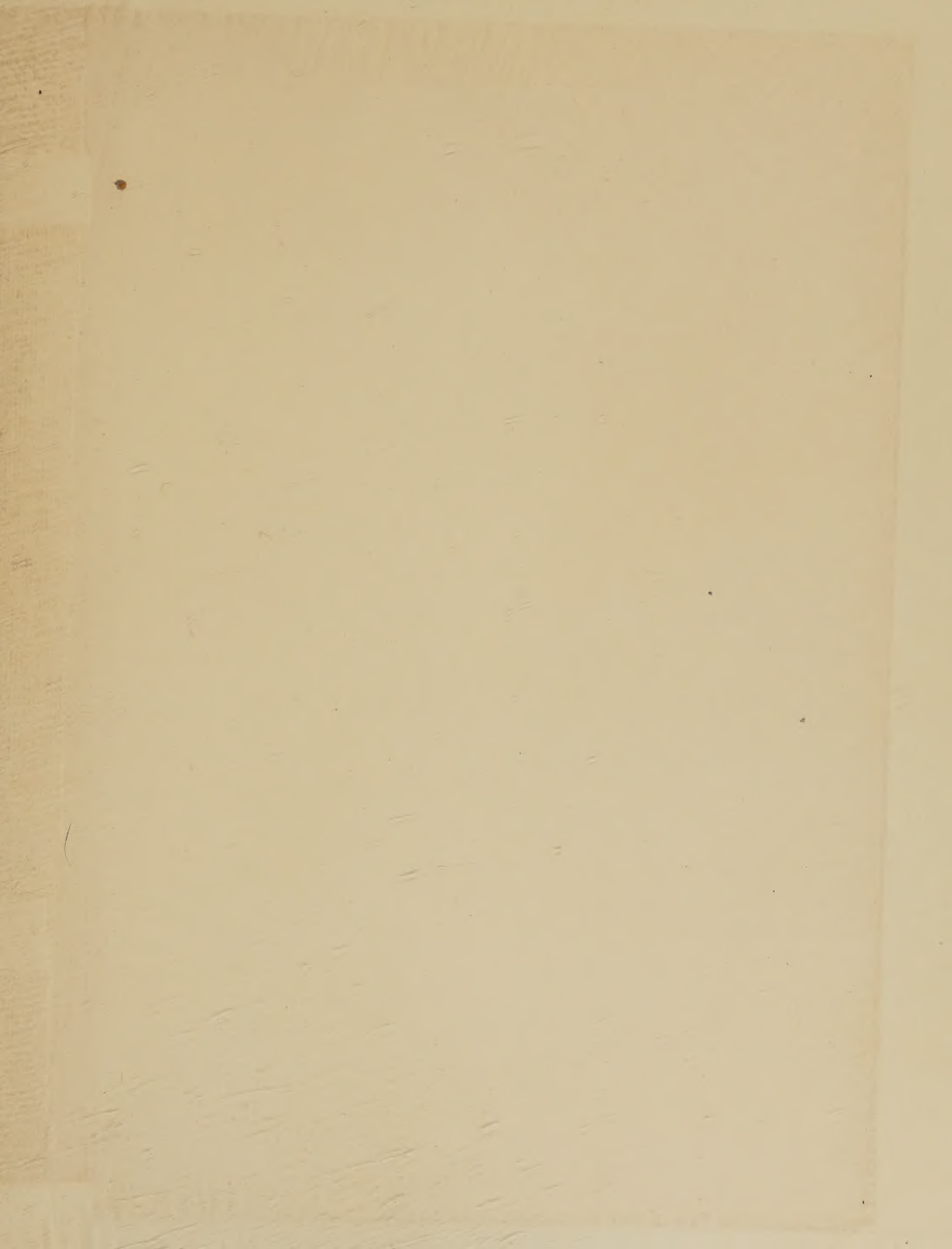
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